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CENTENARIANS.

IN spite of all that is said of the wasteful effect which the hurry and excitement of modern times are supposed to have on human life, people are being heard of in many parts of the world existing far beyond the orthodox span of years, and so demonstrating in the most patent manner that even in this nineteenth century, and amid the struggle and stress which are among its prevailing characteristics, it is possible for men and women to live for a hundred years and more. It is almost an everyday experience to note, among the many interesting items of 'vital' news that appear in the newspapers, a paragraph containing an account of the 'death of a centenarian,' or giving publicity to the fact that some one of the human family has attained his or her hundredth anniversary. And so undoubted testimony is in this manner being established—notwithstanding all that is declared to the contrary—that men and women may be moderns and centenarians at the same time. It cannot, however, be affirmed that people live so long now as they did a century or two ago, if the evidence of the great ages to which some notable instances of our ancestors attained is to be relied upon. In these days, a man is looked upon as a kind of miracle who has existed for a hundred years ere he 'shuffled off the mortal coil.' But what would be thought of that individual who was not called upon to do so until the record of his years showed the unparalleled number of two hundred and seven? The conditions of such a life existing on the earth to-day, or, indeed, existing at any time within comparatively modern limits, are almost impossible to imagine. Yet such a life is said to have existed in the person of Thomas Cran, who, we are told, died at the age of two hundred and seven, at St Leonard's, Shoreditch, in the year 1588. The evidence of this case of longevity is said to be confirmed by the register of the parish of St Leonard's, the date of Cran's death being given as having occurred on the 28th of January of that year.

The nearest approach to Cran's case is that published in what was then called the *Russian Petersburg Gazette*, in the early part of 1812, where and when it was stated, but merely stated, that a man had died in the diocese or province of Ekaterinoslav, between two hundred and two hundred and five years of age!

From the very long list of reputed centenarians we extract a number of the more interesting and notable, none of whom, however—if the recorded data are to be relied on—are younger than six-score years and ten; the number of cases of those whose ages range from one hundred and thirty down being very numerous. First of all, there is the well-known case of Thomas Parr, or 'Old' Parr as he is sometimes called. And yet he is a mere child compared with Thomas Cran, or some of the others on the list, where he only stands fourteenth in order of age, although he actually lived to be one hundred and fifty-two. The death of Old Parr occurred in 1635, the same year, it is curious to note, in which another 'Parr' was born and destined, like his better-known namesake, to be celebrated as a centenarian. This latter person—probably a relative of Old Parr—whose grandson, John Michaelstone, lived till he was one hundred and twenty-seven—attained the age of one hundred and twenty-four, thus falling short of Thomas Parr by twenty-eight years. Standing only fourteenth on the list in point of age, Old Parr is the junior of the thirteen persons who are before him by periods varying from seven to fifty-five years, this latter number being the difference in age between himself and Thomas Cran. Both of these men were contemporaries for the space of one hundred and five years! In point of age, therefore, after Cran, it may be interesting to give the names and ages of those individuals who lived for a shorter period than he, and yet for a longer period than 'Old Parr.' Excluding the two-hundred-year old Russian, we have on record the following worthy descendants of Methuselah: Peter Tortin, died at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1724, aged one hundred and eighty-five; a mulatto man, at Frederick-

town, Virginia, in 1798, one hundred and eighty; Golour M'Grain, at Isle of Jura, in 1805, one hundred and eighty; Louisa Truxo, a negress, at Tucuman, South America, 1780, one hundred and seventy-five; John Room, at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1741, one hundred and seventy-two; Henry Jenkins, at Ellerton-on-Swale, Yorkshire, in 1670, one hundred and sixty-nine; William Edwards, at Cochen, near Cardiff, in 1668, one hundred and sixty-eight; a woman living at Moscow, in 1848, one hundred and sixty-eight; Jonas Warren, at Ballydoyle, Ireland, in 1787, one hundred and sixty-seven; Sarah Brookman, at Glastonbury, in 1793, one hundred and sixty-six; Judith Scott, at Islington, in 1800, one hundred and sixty-two; Jonas Surington, at Bergen, Norway, in 1797, one hundred and fifty-nine; James Bowles, at Killingworth, Warwickshire, in 1656, one hundred and fifty-nine. Afterwards there follows a long list of persons of various nationalities, whose ages range from one hundred and fifty-nine down to one hundred and thirty. In all, there are two hundred and ten; and of these, thirty-one are given as having been one hundred and thirty years old.

The list may be divided into males and females; and of the former there are one hundred and forty-two as against sixty-eight of the latter, a curious statement to make to-day, when the proportion of females in this and in many other countries largely exceeds that of the males. Of the one hundred and forty-two old men, it is perhaps initially interesting to notice that seven of them were either physicians or surgeons, whose days, we may assume, were spent in helping to prolong the lives of their fellows, although they may have withheld from them that 'elixir' which so long sustained their own lives. Six of these disciples of Æsculapius were natives of Scotland, while the seventh was an Englishman, a Dr Wm. Mead, aged one hundred and forty-eight. In all probability, this was the oldest doctor that ever lived. A Dr Moffat, or Movett, of Dumfries, approaches the nearest to him, at one hundred and thirty-nine years. Then we have a baronet, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, who died in Essex in 1765, aged one hundred and thirty-one; so that, in this connection, it may not be amiss to remark that the venerable Sir Moses Montefiore, whose centenary was celebrated the other day, is not the only person of high social rank who has stepped across that line or limit of old age which is, comparatively speaking, touched by the tottering feet of so few mortals. Next in point of general interest we have the names of twelve farmers or agriculturists, whose given ages average, for each individual, one hundred and thirty-three years. Then the army and navy are represented not unworthily, albeit not so numerously as the foregoing class, demonstrating that a man may risk his life for the honour of his country and yet escape the imminent death-penalty which so many of his brave comrades pay. A certain Colonel Winslow died at Tipperary in 1766, at the age of one hundred and forty-six; but there is no other record of his career than that he was endowed with great physical prowess and endurance. Such a veteran at the present day would cost the government no trifling sum! Another soldier, a Scotsman,

called McCulloch, died at Aberdeen about the same date, only fourteen years younger than Colonel Winslow; while the same age, one hundred and thirty-two, was attained by a sailor. In the list there are three soldiers and three sailors whose ages average one hundred and twenty-seven years.

We may next mention a number of miscellaneous worthies who are credited with having cheated Death of his due for so long. Marc Albana, an Ethiopian, lived a century and a half; a coloured man died in 1850 at Spanish Town, Jamaica, in his one hundred and forty-second year; C. J. Drakenberg, a Norwegian, lived for a hundred and forty-one years, as also did William Evans, a Welshman; William Gulstone, an Irishman, died at the age of one hundred and forty; William Shapley, another Irishman, at one hundred and thirty-eight; William Beale, also a native of Ireland, at one hundred and thirty-six; and thirteen more of the sons of St Patrick from that age down. It is remarkable that in the list of two hundred and ten persons who attained the age, and beyond it, of one hundred and twenty, thirty-one were Irish, and mostly belonged to the poor or peasant class.

To come now to the females, of whom sixty-eight are included in our list. Perhaps the most interesting names are those of two Irish ladies who belonged to the aristocracy. The Countess Desmond was said to be one hundred and forty-eight when she died; while her co-aristocrat, the Countess of Eccleston, is credited with having lived one hundred and forty-three years. Not so old as the former lady was a humbler native of Ireland, Biddy or Bridget Devine, who died at Manchester in 1845, aged one hundred and forty-seven, where, probably a hundred years before, she had toiled as a washerwoman. But perhaps the most pathetic case of feminine longevity in this list, if not on record anywhere, is that of a poor woman, a Mrs Grey, of Northfleet, Kent, who was born deaf and dumb and died without ever, during one hundred and thirty-one years, being able to hear or to speak a word. Nor were uninteresting cases those of 'Martha,' wife of a Mohican chief, who died in 1806, aged one hundred and thirty; of a certain Rebecca Fury, a black woman of Falmouth, Jamaica, aged one hundred and forty; and of Sarah Anderson, a free black, who survived for forty years after receiving her freedom on her hundredth birthday. But the oldest woman on record was also a negress, Louisa Truxo, a native of Tucuman, South America, where she died in 1780, at the reputed age of one hundred and seventy-five.

Our list is by no means exhausted; but the examples we have given are perhaps sufficient to interest the reader. It is not to be supposed that the race of centenarians has become anything like an extinct *genus homo*. We frequently read of genuine cases occurring, most of them being poor persons, or persons living in the humblest walks of life. And with increased sanitary blessings, there is no reason why those cases should not multiply. By the ordinary laws of life, no man can be certain he shall continue in existence a single year, much less any definite number of years; but with an average constitution, he may fairly expect his days to be long in the land, if he keep the divine commandments brought down and proclaimed by science; for the complete cycle of

physiological life is a hundred years, and it is not impossible, though, under the varied conditions of life, it is exceedingly improbable for a man to live for such a period of time. It is calculated, however, that in round numbers one in a hundred thousand lives is a centenarian.

In closing this article, and by way of a practical application of the obvious moral of the subject, the following delineation of the 'portrait of a man destined to a long life,' drawn by the German physician Hufeland, may not be without point and interest: 'He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at anyrate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad-arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance: they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity, a kind of delight attended with this advantage, with regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. In general he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth; an artificial and gentle fever without an overflowing of the bile. He is also fond of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation; is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after riches or honour, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.'

How many mortals living in this great age of sensational thought and action, will say that they substantially conform to the above?

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN GAUNT called next day to bring, he said, a message from his mother. She sent Mr Waring a newspaper which she thought he might like to see, an English weekly newspaper, which some of her correspondents had sent her, in which there was an article— He did not give a very clear account of this, nor make it distinctly

apparent why Waring should be specially interested; and as a matter of fact, the newspaper found its way to the waste-paper basket, and interested nobody. But no doubt Mrs Gaunt's intentions had been excellent. When the young soldier arrived, there was a carriage at the door, and Constance had her hat on. 'We are going,' she said, 'to San Remo, to see about a piano. Do you know San Remo? Oh, I forgot you are as much a stranger as I am; you don't know anything. What a good thing that there are two ignorant persons. We will keep each other in countenance, and they will be compelled to make all kinds of expeditions to show us everything.'

'That will be a wonderful chance for me,' said the young man, 'for nobody would take so much trouble for me alone.'

'How can you tell that? Miss Tasie, I should think, would be an excellent cicerone,' said Constance. She said it with a light laugh of suggestion, meaning to imply, though, of course, she had said nothing, that Tasie would be too happy to put herself at Captain Gaunt's disposition; a suggestion which he, too, received with a laugh; for this is one of the points upon which both boys and girls are always ungenerous.

'And failing Miss Tasie,' said Constance, 'suppose you come with papa and me? They say it is a pretty drive. They say, of course, that everything here is lovely, and that the Riviera is paradise. Do you find it so?'

'I can fancy circumstances in which I should find it so,' said the young soldier.

'Ah, yes; every one can do that. I can fancy circumstances in which Regent Street would be paradise—oh, very easily. It is not far from paradise at any time.'

'That is a heaven of which I know very little, Miss Waring.'

'Ah, then, you must learn. The true Elysian Fields are in London in May. If you don't know that, you can form no idea of happiness. An exile from all delights gives you the information, and you may be sure it is true.'

'Why, then, Miss Waring, if you think so?—'

'Am I here? Oh, that is easily explained. I have a sister.'

'Yes, I know.'

'Ah, I understand you have heard a great deal about my sister. I suffer here from being compared with her. I am not nearly so good, so wise, as Frances. But is that my fault, Captain Gaunt? You are impartial; you are a new-comer. If I could be, I would be as nice as Frances, don't you believe?'

The young man gave Constance a look, which, indeed, she expected, and said with confusion: 'I don't see—any need for improvement,' and blushed as near crimson as was possible over the greenish brown of his Indian colour.

Constance for her part did not blush. She laughed, and made him an almost imperceptible courtesy. The ways of flirtation are not original, and all the parallels of the early encounters might be stereotyped, as everybody knows.

'You are very amiable,' she said; 'but then you don't know Frances, and your opinion accordingly is less valuable. I did not ask you, however, to believe me to be equal to my sister,

but only to believe that I would be as nice if I could. However, all that is no explanation. We have a mother, you know, in England. We are, unfortunately, that sad thing, a household divided against itself.'

Captain Gaunt was not prepared for such confidences. He grew still a little browner with embarrassment, and muttered something about being very sorry, not knowing what to say.

'Oh, there is not very much to be sorry about. Papa enjoys himself in his way here, and mamma is very happy at home. The only thing is that we must each have our turn, you know—that is only fair. So Frances has gone to mamma, and here am I in Bordighera. We are each dreadfully out of our element. Her friends condemn me, to begin with, as if it were my fault that I am not like her; and my friends, perhaps— But no; I don't think so. Frances is so good, so nice, so everything a girl ought to be.'

At this she laughed softly again; and young Gaunt's consciousness that his mother's much vaunted Frances was the sort of girl to please old ladies rather than young men, a prim, little, smooth, correct maiden, with not the least 'go' in her, took additional force and certainty.—Whereas! But he had no words in which to express his sense of the advantages on the other side.

'You must find it,' he said, knowing nothing more original to say, 'dreadfully dull living here.'

'I have not found anything as yet; I have only just come. I am no more than a few days older than you are. We can compare notes as time goes on. But perhaps you don't mean to stay very long in these abodes of the blest?'

'I don't know that I did intend it. But I shall stay now as long as ever I can,' said the young man. Then—for he was shy—he added hastily: 'It is a long time since I have seen my people, and they like to have me.'

'Naturally. But you need not have spoiled what looked like a very pretty compliment by adding that. Perhaps you didn't mean it for a compliment?—Oh, I don't mind at all. It is much more original, if you didn't mean it. Compliments are such common coin. But I don't pretend to despise them, as some girls do; and I don't like to see them spoiled,' Constance said seriously.

The young man looked at her with consternation. After a while, his moustache expanded into a laugh, but it was a confused laugh, and he did not understand. Still less did he know how to reply. Constance had been used to sharper wits, who took her at half a word; and she was half angry to be thus obliged to explain.

'We are going to San Remo, as I told you,' she said. 'I am waiting for my father. We are going to look for a piano. Frances is not musical, so there is no piano in the house. You must come too, and give your advice.—Oh, are you ready, papa? Captain Gaunt, who does not know San Remo, and who does know music, is coming with us to give us his advice.'

The young soldier stammered forth that to go to San Remo was the thing he most desired in the world. 'But I don't think my advice will be good for much,' he said conscientiously. 'I do a little on the violin; but as for pretending to be a judge of a piano'—

'Come; we are all ready,' said Constance, leading the way.

Waring had to let the young fellow precede him, to see him get into the carriage without any articulate murmur. As a matter of fact, a sort of stupor seized the father, altogether unaccustomed to be the victim of accidents. Frances might have lived by his side till she was fifty before she would have thought of inviting a stranger to be of their party—a stranger, a young man, which was a class of being with which Waring had little patience, a young soldier, proverbially frivolous, and occupied with foolish matters. Young Gaunt respectfully left to his senior the place beside Constance; but he placed himself opposite to her, and kept his eyes upon her with a devout attention, which Waring would have thought ridiculous had he not been irritated by it. The young fellow was a great deal too much absorbed to contribute much to the amusement of the party; and it irritated Waring beyond measure to see his eyes glance from under his eyebrows, opening wider with delight, half closing with laughter, the ends of his moustache going up to his ears. Waring, an impartial spectator, was not so much impressed by his daughter's wit. He thought he had heard a great deal of the same before, or even better, surely better, for he could recollect that he had in his day been charmed by a similar treatment, which must have been much lighter in touch, much less commonplace in subject, because—he was charmed. Thus we argue in our generations. In the meantime, young Gaunt, though he had not been without some experience, looked at Constance from under his brows, and listened as if to the utterances of the gods. If only they could have had it all to themselves; if only the old father had been out of the way!

The sunshine, the sea, the beautiful colour, the unexpected vision round every corner of another and another picturesque cluster of towns and roofs; all that charm and variety which give to Italy above every country on earth the admixture of human interest, the endless chain of association which adds a grace to natural beauty, made very little impression upon this young pair. She would have been amused and delighted by the exercise of her own power, and he would have been enthralled by her beauty, and what he considered her wit and high spirits, had their progress been along the dullest streets. It was only Waring's eyes, disgusted by the prospect before him of his daughter's little artifices, and young Gaunt's imbecile subjection, which turned with any special consciousness to the varying blues of the sea, to the endless developments of the landscape. Flirtation is one of the last things in the world to brook a spectator. Its little absurdities, which are so delightful to the actors in the drama, and which at a distance the severest critic may smile at and forgive, excite the wrath of a too clever looker-on in a way quite disproportioned to their real offensiveness. The interchange of chatter which prevents, as that observer would say, all rational conversation, the attempts to charm, which are so transparent, the response of silly admiration, which is only another form of vanity—how profoundly sensible we all are of their folly. Had Constance taken as much pains to please her father, he would, in all probability, have yielded altogether to the spell; but he was angry, ashamed, furious, that she should

address those wiles to the young stranger, and saw through him with a clear-sightedness which was exasperating. It was all the more exasperating that he could not tell what she meant by it. Was it possible that she had already formed an inclination towards this tawny young stranger? Had his bilious hues affected her imagination? Love at first sight is a very respectable emotion, and commands in many cases both sympathy and admiration. But no man likes to see the working of this sentiment in the woman who belongs to him. Had Constance fallen in love? He grew angry at the very suggestion, though breathed only in the recesses of his own mind. A girl who had been brought up in the world, who had seen all kinds of people, was it possible that she should fall a victim in a moment to the attractions of a young nobody? a young fellow who knew nothing but India. That he should be subjected, was simple enough; but Constance! Waring's brow clouded more and more. He kept silent, taking no part in the talk, and the young fools did not so much as remark it! but went on with their own absurdity more and more.

The transformation of a series of little Italian municipalities, although in their nature more towns than villages, rendered less rustic by the traditions of an exposed coast, and many a crisis of self-defence, into little modern towns full of hotels and tourists, is neither a pleasant nor a lovely process. San Remo in the old days, before Dr Antonio made it known to the world, lay among its olive gardens on the edge of the sea, which grew bluer and bluer as it crept to the feet of the human master of the soil, a delight to behold, a little picture which memory cherished. Wide promenades flanked with big hotels, with conventional gardens full of green bushes, and a kiosk for the band, make a very different prospect now. But then, in the old days, there could have been no music-sellers with pianos to let or sell; no famous English chemist with coloured bottles; no big shops in which travellers could be tempted. Constance forgot Captain Gaunt when she found herself in this atmosphere of the world. She began to remember things she wanted. 'Papa, if you don't despise it too much, you must let me do a little shopping,' she said. She wanted a hat for the sun. She wanted some eau de Cologne. She wanted just to run into the jeweller's to see if the coral was good, to see if there were any peasant-ornaments which would be characteristic. At all this her father smiled somewhat grimly, taking it as a part of the campaign into which his daughter had chosen to enter for the overthrow of the young soldier. But Constance was perfectly sincere, and had forgotten her campaign in the new and warmer interest.

'So long as you do not ask me to attend you from shop to shop,' he said.

'O no; Captain Gaunt will come,' said Constance.

Captain Gaunt was not a victim who required many wiles. He was less amusing than she had hoped, in so far that he had given in, in an incredibly short space of time. He was now in a condition to be trampled on at her pleasure, and this was unexciting. A longer resistance would have been much more to Constance's mind. Captain Gaunt accompanied her to all the shops. He

helped her with his advice about the piano, bending his head over her as she ran through a little air or two, and struck a few chords on one after the other of the music-seller's stock. They were not very admirable instruments, but one was found that would do.

'You can bring your violin,' Constance said; 'we must try to amuse ourselves a little.' This was before her father left him, and he heard it with a groan.

Waring took a silent walk round the bay while the purchases went on. He thought of past experiences, of the attraction which a shop has for women. Frances, no doubt, after a little of her mother's training, would be the same. She would find out the charms of shopping. He had not even her return to look forward to, for she would not be the same Frances who had left him, when she came back. When she came back?—if she ever came back. The same Frances, never; perhaps not even a changed Frances. Her mother would quickly see what an advantage she had in getting the daughter whom her husband had brought up. She would not give her back; she would turn her into a second Constance. There had been a time when Waring had concluded that Constance was amusing and Frances dull; but it must be remembered that he was under provocation now. If she had been amusing, it had not been for him. She had exerted herself to please a commonplace, undistinguished boy, with an air of being indifferent to everything else, which was beyond measure irritating to her father. And now she had got scent of shops, and would never be happy save when she was rushing from one place to another—to Mentone, to Nice perhaps, wherever her fancied wants might lead her. Waring discussed all this with himself as he rambled along, his nerves all set on edge, his taste revolted. Flirtations and shops—was he to be brought to this? he who had been free from domestic incumbrance, who had known nothing for so many years but a little ministrant, who never troubled him, who was ready when he wanted her, but never put forth herself as a restraint or an annoyance. He had advised Constance to take what good she could find in her life; but he had never imagined that this was the line she would take.

The drive home was scarcely more satisfactory. Young Gaunt had got a little courage by the episode of the shops. He ventured to tell her of the trifles he had brought with him from India, and to ask if Miss Waring would care to see them; and he described to her the progress he had made with his violin and what his attainments were in music. Constance told him that the best thing he could do was to bring the said violin and all his music, so that they might see what they could do together. 'If you are not too far advanced for me,' she said with a laugh. 'Come in the morning, when we shall not be interrupted.'

Her father listened, but said nothing. His imagination immediately set before him the tuning and scraping, the clang of the piano, the shriek of the fiddle, and he himself only two rooms off, endeavouring in vain to collect his thoughts and do his work! Mr Waring's work was not of the first importance, but still it was his work, and momentous to him. He bore, however, a countenance unmoved, if very grave, and even endured without a word the young

man's entrance with them, the consultation about where the piano was to stand, and tea afterwards in the loggia. He did not himself want any tea; he left the young people to enjoy this refreshment together while he retired to his bookroom. But with only two rooms between, and with his senses quickened by displeasure, he heard their voices, the laughter, the continual flow of talk, even the little tinkle of the teacups—every sound. He had never been disturbed by Frances' tea; but then, except Tasie Durant, there had been nobody to share it, no son from the bungalow, no privileged messenger sent by his mother. Mrs Gaunt's children, of whom she talked continually, had always been a nuisance, except to the sympathetic soul of Frances. But who could have imagined the prominence which they had assumed now?

Young Gaunt did not go away until shortly before dinner; and Constance, after accompanying him to the anteroom, went along the corridor singing, to her own room, to change her dress. Though her room (Frances' room that was) was at the extremity of the suite, her father heard her light voice running on in a little operatic air all the time she made her toilet. Had it been described in a book, he thought to himself it would have had a pretty sound. The girl's voice, sweet and gay, sounding through the house, the voice of happy youth brightening the dull life there, the voice of innocent content betraying its own satisfaction with existence—satisfaction in having a young fool to flirt with, and some trumpery shops to buy unnecessary appendages in! At dinner, however, she made fun of young Gaunt, and the morose father was a little mollified. 'It is rather dreadful for other people when there is an adoring mother in the background to think everything you do perfection,' Constance said. 'I don't think we shall make much of the violin.'

'These are subjects on which you can speak with more authority than I—both the violin and the mother,' said Waring.

'Oh,' she cried, 'you don't think mamma was one of the adoring kind, I hope! There may be things in her which might be mended; but she is not like that. She kept one in one's proper place. And as for the violin, I suspect he plays it like an old fiddler in the streets.'

'You have changed your mind about it very rapidly,' said Waring; but on the whole he was pleased. 'You seemed much interested both in the hero and the music, a little while ago.'

'Yes; was I not?' said Constance with perfect candour. 'And he took it all in, as if it were likely. These young men from India, they are very ingenious. It seems wicked to take advantage of them, does it not?'

'More people are ingenious than the young man from India. I intended to speak to you very seriously as soon as he was gone—to ask you'—

'What were my intentions?' cried Constance, with an outburst of the gayest laughter. 'Oh, what a pity I began. How sorry I am to have missed that. Do you think his mother will ask me, papa? It is generally the man, isn't it? who is questioned; and he says his intentions are honourable. Mine, I frankly allow, are not honourable.'

'No; very much the reverse, I should think. But it had better be clearly defined, for my satisfaction, Constance, which of you is true—the girl who cried over her loneliness last night, or she who made love to Captain Gaunt this morning?'

'No, papa; only was a little nice to him, because he is lonely too.'

'These delicacies of expression are too fine for me. —Who made the poor young fellow believe that she liked his society immensely, was much interested, counted upon him and his violin as her greatest pleasures.'

'You are going too far,' she said. 'I think the fiddle will be fun. When you play very badly and are a little conceited about it, you are always amusing. And as for Captain Gaunt—so long as he does not complain'—

'It is I who am complaining, Constance.'

'Well, papa—but why? You told me last night to take what I had, since I could not have what I want.'

'And you have acted upon my advice? With great promptitude, I must allow.'

'Yes,' she said with composure. 'What is the use of losing time? It is not my fault if there is somebody here quite ready. It amuses him too. And what harm am I doing? A girl can't be asked—except for fun—those disagreeable questions.'

'And therefore you think a girl can do—what would be dishonourable in a man.'

'Oh, you are so much too serious,' cried Constance. 'Are you always as serious as this? You laughed when I told you about Fanny Gervoise. It is only because it is me that you find fault. And don't you think it is a little too soon for parental interference? The Gaunts would be much surprised. They would think you were afraid for my peace of mind, papa—as her parents were afraid for Miss Tasie.'

This moved the stern father to a smile. He had thought that Constance did not appreciate that joke; but the girl had more humour than he supposed. 'I see,' he said, 'you will have your own way; but remember, Constance, I cannot allow it to go too far.'

How could he prevent it going as far as she pleased? she said to herself with a little scorn, when she was alone. Parents may be medieval, if they will; but yet the means have never yet been invented of preventing a woman, when she is so minded and has the power in her hands, from achieving her little triumph over a young man's heart.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

It has long been a disgrace to Great Britain that she neglected the rich field of research which offers itself to the antiquary in Egypt. Though we have produced one or two great Egyptologists, such as Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Dr Birch, we have allowed Germans and Frenchmen to become the pioneers of investigation and the leaders of scientific study in this department. An attempt to do something towards the removal of this disgrace was made in 1883 by the starting of the 'Egypt Exploration Fund,' the object of which was, by means of excavations on the spot, to identify the sites mentioned in the Book of

Exodus in connection with the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt and their departure. Though apparently limited in its object, the Egypt Exploration Fund ought to be supported by all Englishmen who take an interest in the progress of Egyptology, as it is certain that the excavations undertaken in following the track of the Israelites will lead to discoveries likely to throw light on some of the most perplexing questions of Egyptian history, and thus will illuminate a far wider field than that of Biblical research. Thus, for example, one of the sites at which excavations were begun by the Fund was Sa'n or Tanis, supposed to be the Zoan of Scripture. Here was the capital of the empire of the Hyksos, that mysterious dynasty of Shepherd kings whose origin is still one of the riddles of Egyptian history. Though the first winter's excavations had not, when this paper was written, pierced below the thick layers of remains of the Roman and Ptolemaic periods which lie above the buildings of earlier ages, there can be little doubt that further search will be rewarded with the discovery of some facts which will contribute materially to our knowledge of these overthrowers of the first Egyptian empire. Egyptian research is, in fact, a lottery in which at any moment the most wonderful prizes may turn up. A single papyrus, preserved as only that wonderful climate can preserve things, may be found which may fill up all the blanks in Egyptian history. We must rejoice, then, to find our country putting her hand again to the work of Egyptian excavation; and we have further cause for congratulation in the fact that she has now at the head of the excavations, in the person of Mr Flinders Petrie, a young Egyptologist of the greatest promise, whose work in the Pyramid field has already shown that he possesses the double gifts of minute and patient observation, and of accurate reasoning from the facts acquired by observation.

The first Memoir of the Egyptian Exploration Fund has now been published. It is by M. Edouard Naville, the eminent French scholar, whose name will always be famous in connection with the great edition of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, which he is now bringing out. The Memoir records the result of the first explorations undertaken by the Fund in the spring of 1883, when M. Naville was at the head of the works. The principal result of these excavations was the identification of Pithom and Succoth, two of the places mentioned in Exodus; an identification which Mr Stuart Poole pronounces the most important discovery of modern times in the field of Old Testament research. We read in Exodus I. that the children of Israel 'built for Pharaoh treasure-cities, Pithom and Raamses.' The great German scholar Lepsius believed that the site of Raamses would be found at a spot on the south side of the canal running from Cairo to Suez, about twelve miles from Ismailia, called in Arabic, Tell-el-Maskhutah, or the 'mound of the statue,' so called from a granite monolith which rose out of the sand covering the ruins of the ancient city. On the strength of this conjecture, the French engineers who dug the Ismailia Canal, and formed a temporary settlement on the mounds, gave the ruins the name of Raamses. It was here that M. Naville began

his excavations; but the result of these excavations has suggested that the place is not Raamses, but Pithom.

This was already suspected by M. Naville from an examination of the monolith and other statues formerly found by the French engineers, and now standing in the square of Ismailia. The inscriptions on these statues show that they were all dedicated to the god Tum, a personification of the setting sun. Pithom or Pi-Tum means in Egyptian, 'the abode of Tum;' and the name Pithom was already known not only from Exodus, but from Egyptian monuments, where it appears as the capital of the eighth nome or province of Lower Egypt. The excavations uncovered the site of a temple dedicated to Tum, showing that the place had been an important sanctuary of that deity, and many monuments were discovered in which the name of the city, Pi-Tum, was clearly stated. A stone of the Roman period showed that its Greek name was Heroopolis; a discovery which is confirmed by comparing the Septuagint and Coptic versions of Genesis xli. 20, both made by men familiar with the geography of Egypt, where the Septuagint, instead of *Goshen*, reads Heroopolis, and the Coptic translates Heroopolis by Pithom. But now for the interesting facts which connect this Pithom with the Pithom of Exodus, built by the Israelites. In the first chapter of Exodus, Pithom is called a 'treasure-city,' a word which Hebrew scholars tell us would be better translated 'store-city.' In the course of his excavations, M. Naville came upon some remarkable buildings of crude brick, well built, having very thick walls, but with no opening either for door or window. He believes that these buildings could have been built 'for no other purpose than that of store-houses or granaries, into which the Pharaohs gathered the provisions necessary for armies about to cross the desert, or even for caravans and travellers who were on the road to Syria.' This conjecture was confirmed by a title given on one of the monuments found on the spot to a priest of the place, 'keeper of the storehouse.' Pithom was a border city, close to the Arabian Desert; it stood at the head of the Arabian Gulf, which in ancient times reached immensely farther inland than it does now, and which, even in the time of the Ptolemies, was called the Heroopolitan Gulf.

Rameses II., the great Sesostris, whose body was recently discovered, was evidently the founder of Pithom, as nothing earlier than his date has been found in its ruins; nor is it ever stated in the inscriptions of Pithom that he restored the works of former kings, according to the custom when such was the case. Now, Rameses II., by a calculation of dates, is generally supposed to be the Pharaoh of the oppression. The foundation of Pithom under his reign falls in, therefore, with the statement that it was built by the Israelites.

The researches at Pithom have led also to the identification of Succoth and Etham, the first two stages in the journey of the Israelites from Egypt. The monuments of Pithom frequently mention the district of Thuku or Theket, in which Pithom was situated. The name is philologically identical with the Hebrew Succoth. Etham,

said in Exodus to be 'in the edge of the wilderness,' is identified by M. Naville with Atuma, spoken of in a very old papyrus as a wilderness inhabited by nomads, and lying near the land of Succoth and the lakes of Pithom. Rameses, mentioned in Exodus as the starting-point of the Israelite journey, has not yet been identified; it is probable that, like Succoth, it is the name of a region and not of a city.

These discoveries make it clear that the route followed by the Israelites was the southern route to Palestine used by the Bedouins up to the opening of the Suez Canal, by the Wadi Tumilat and the head of the Red Sea. This Sea, we must remember, extended then so far north as to include the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timseh. Its waters, according to M. Naville, would probably be shallow, and liable to be driven back by an east wind, leaving a dry way, a phenomenon which is often seen now in other parts of Egypt. At a point where this frequently took place, the Pharaohs may have built a *Migdol*, or fort, as the Egyptian word means, to guard the Egyptian shore from the inroads of the desert nomads; and it was near some such Migdol that the Israelites crossed the sea. The spot is very precisely indicated in Exodus xiv. 2 by the directions given: 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it ye shall encamp by the sea.' M. Naville identifies Pi-hahiroth with Pi-keheret, a city frequently named on the monuments of Pithom as lying in its immediate neighbourhood, and as a place to which horses and cattle were brought for the support of the temple of Osiris, which the monuments state to have existed there. The Septuagint and Coptic versions translate Pi-hahiroth by 'the farm;' and we know from an ancient papyrus that there was a great farm or estate of Pharaoh in the neighbourhood of Pithom. M. Naville has little doubt that the Pi-keheret of the monuments is the Serapiu of the Itinerary of Antoninus, as Serapiu means a sanctuary of Osiris, and we know of no other sanctuary of Osiris in that part of the country. If those identifications are correct, it is not impossible that future operations of the Egyptian Exploration Fund may lead to the identification of other places of interest to the historical and Biblical student.

MR MOSSOP'S WILL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MR ARTHUR GOULDING is junior partner in the firm of Shuttleworth and Goulding, solicitors, and is universally respected in his profession as a man of the highest integrity. He is in the prime of life, and takes a very active part in his business, returning at the close of each day to his little place at Chelsea, which is adorned by a pretty wife and three children.

Among the clients of the firm in 188- was Mr Abram Mossop of 'The Firs,' near Chester, who owned some valuable house-property in London, the rents of which the firm collected for him. In the month of October in that year, Mr Mossop, who was an old man in failing health, wrote instructing Messrs Shuttleworth

and Goulding to prepare the draft of a will for his approval. A personal interview was not necessary, for his directions were simple, and his solicitors were well acquainted with the details of his affairs. All his property was to be left to one person—a lady, with the exception of a legacy of five hundred pounds to Mr Goulding, who was to act as sole executor, such thorough confidence had Mr Mossop in that gentleman. The draft was duly prepared and submitted by post; and finding it satisfactory, Mr Mossop requested that the will itself might be engrossed as soon as possible, for he was suffering from a dangerous attack of bronchitis, and felt it desirable to have his worldly affairs settled.

Though wealthy, he was a disappointed man. He was a first-cousin of Sir Peter Mossop of Mossop Hall, and had always held it as a grievance that he had not succeeded to the baronetcy himself; indeed, he barely recognised his relative, whom he regarded as an interloper. His uncle, the late Sir William, had remained a bachelor until very late in life, and Abram Mossop had therefore reckoned on inheriting both the title and the property; but, to every one's surprise and Abram's disgust, the old gentleman one fine day married a young country girl of no particular family, and was subsequently blessed with a son and daughter, the former being the present Sir Peter. This was a bitter disappointment to Mr Mossop, who was imbued with a good deal of vanity, and was very anxious to be the representative of the family, whose title was more than two centuries old. He had been married; but his wife died soon after Sir Peter's advent, as did also their only son; so that he was quite alone in his declining years, and consequently, his disposition had become somewhat soured and his habits eccentric.

There was only one person for whom he seemed to have a sincere liking, and this was a lady, who could hardly be termed a relative, being only a second-cousin of his wife's; but she had shown him much kindness at the time of his bereavement, as well as good-natured attention on subsequent occasions. People had said, indeed, that Mrs Reddie, who was a widow, was setting her cap at Mr Mossop; but if this were the case, she did not succeed, for he showed no inclination to marry a second time—or perhaps it was that her four daughters frightened him. However, she was now about to reap her reward, for it was in her favour that the will was being drawn up; and her portionless and loverless daughters would be so no longer. Mr Mossop was determined that Sir Peter should not have a shilling of his money, though a legacy would have been very acceptable to that gentleman, whose extravagant habits were likely to ruin him. The property which Abram Mossop was in a position to bequeath was worth considerably over two thousand pounds a year, besides the residence called 'The Firs,' which was a valuable house with extensive grounds; so it was no wonder that Sir Peter had several times made friendly overtures to him, which, however, were always repelled.

Mrs Reddie, who was aware of Mr Mossop's intention to leave her everything, often wished that he would make his will; but, like many other old persons, he appeared to have an objection

to do so, and of course she could not urge him with propriety. He had deferred it from time to time, until he now found himself prostrated with a serious illness, which caused him to decide on having it done at once. Accordingly, on receipt of his letter, Messrs Shuttleworth and Goulding had the document prepared, and it was ready for signature early in November. To see that it was properly executed, it was desirable that a representative of the firm should go down to the country with it; and Mr Goulding, being the executor, agreed to undertake this duty himself. The journey from London to Chester and back can be easily accomplished in a day, allowing a couple of hours for the transaction of business; and the solicitor determined on making an early start, in order that he might get home the same night. With this object in view, he set out one morning at eight o'clock—an hour earlier than usual, and proceeded by train to Willesden Junction, where he caught the express leaving Euston at nine.

It was a dispiriting day; a November fog hung over London, and it was only a few degrees lighter in the country, besides which, a drizzling rain was falling—together, the sort of day when a person would not feel inclined to say 'Good-morning' even to his dearest friend. However, wet or dry, foggy or clear, the iron-horse does its duty with equal indifference; and Mr Goulding, having beguiled the five hours as well as he could with a couple of newspapers, found himself in Chester station a few minutes after the advertised time. Having taken some refreshment, he hired a cab to drive to 'The Firs,' a distance of about four miles, but which seemed ten under the circumstances; for it was still raining, the roads were muddy, and everything looked as unattractive as could be imagined. At half-past three he reached his destination, and was glad to alight, hoping to finish his business in time to catch a train that left for London about two hours later.

'The Firs' was what might be described in an advertisement as 'a modern residence replete with every convenience.' It had a pretty gate-lodge, and an extensive lawn, bordered with a plantation of tall fir-trees, to which it owed its name. When Mr Mossop had entered into possession of it on the death of his father, it was by no means so modern-looking; but he had laid out a round sum on improvements, to please his wife, who had brought him a very respectable fortune. His establishment at the time of Mr Goulding's visit included an elderly butler, who made himself generally useful, and disagreed with the cook; a coachman, who was also a gardener; a stable-boy, who assisted in the garden; a cook, who was half a housekeeper, and disagreed with the butler; and two other female servants, who disagreed with each other. The cause of this disorganisation in the servants' hall was the want of a mistress, for Mr Mossop never interfered with his domestics so long as they ministered to his daily requirements in a satisfactory manner; but to this extent he was very strict. A valet he never would have, as he considered those functionaries were only in the way, and were more interested about their masters' affairs than in their own duties.

On Mr Goulding's arrival, he was received by

the butler, who informed him that Mr Mossop had been very bad all the previous night; the doctor had been to see him in the forenoon, and he was now asleep. Of course, under the circumstances the solicitor could not have him disturbed, so there was nothing for it but to dismiss the cab and wait while dinner was being prepared.

It was nearly six o'clock when the nurse, who had been attending the old gentleman during his illness, came to tell Mr Goulding that her patient was awake and inquiring for him. In a few moments the solicitor stood by the bedside of his client, and was shocked to observe the change in his appearance since their last meeting, some months before. His cheeks were sunken, and if they had any colour at all, it was a sickly bluish tint; while his voice was so weak that nothing but important business could have justified any one in holding conversation with him. He had been a rather handsome man, tall, with aquiline features, and a severe expression of countenance, though he was in reality kind-hearted. Now he was reduced to a mere shadow.

He was glad to see Mr Goulding, and as soon as they were alone, desired to have the will read over to him before calling in the witnesses.

'There is one thing I omitted,' he said when the solicitor had finished: 'I intended to leave something to the servants, but it slipped my memory when I was writing the instructions. I thought afterwards that it would do as well if I notified my wishes in writing to Mrs Reddie; she would be sure to carry out my intentions.'

'No doubt,' said Mr Goulding. 'But if you like, we can easily draw up a codicil.'

'I do not think that is necessary. If I recover'—

'Why, my dear sir, I hope that a few days will see you on your feet again.'

'Ah! no,' said the sick man wearily. 'I was never so ill before. I think this attack will finish me. But in any case, I have written a letter to her requesting her to distribute some legacies amongst them, according to my original intention. I am sure she will give effect to my wishes.'

'Well, I mustn't let you talk too much.—Who are the witnesses to be?'

'The butler, I suppose, for one; and either the coachman or the nurse must do for the other. There is nobody else at hand. Please touch the bell.'

Mr Goulding did so, and the nurse entered.

'Send William here, please,' said Mr Mossop. 'And is John about the place?'

'I don't know, sir; I think I saw him going out.'

'Well, if you can't find him, come back yourself; I want you to witness my signature.'

The woman having departed on her errand, the old gentleman beckoned to Mr Goulding to come near, and spoke to him in a whisper, though his voice had been little more than that during the interview.

'I hope,' he said, 'that no question could arise—that there would be no fear of Peter Mossop disputing the will. They would never dare to say that I—that my mind was affected, I mean?'

'Not the least fear, my dear sir; you may make yourself perfectly easy.'

'Because,' continued the other, 'if I thought that man would get a shilling of my money, I could not rest. He would run through it in a year; but Mrs Reddie deserves it, and will make good use of it.'

The nurse presently returned with William (the butler), not having found the coachman. Mr Goulding explained in a few words what was required; and then the old gentleman, being propped up with pillows, signed his name to the will with a feeble trembling hand. The nurse, who was an elderly woman, with the partiality of her profession for cordials, seemed as unsteady as Mr Mossop, scrawling her name 'Anne Jane Hilditch' right across the page.

The butler's signature was more business-like; but, on examination, Mr Goulding was surprised to see that he had signed as 'Frederick Spear-ing.'

'I thought,' said he, 'your name was William.' 'I'm called William, sir,' the man replied; 'but was christened Frederick.'

'Oh! that explains,' said Mr Goulding.—'And now, if it is convenient to drive me into Chester, I shall be ready immediately.'

'Better stay all night, Goulding,' said Mr Mossop.

'We can easily have a bed aired, sir,' the butler added by way of hospitality.

But Mr Goulding would not be persuaded. 'No; thank you,' he said. 'It is too late to reach London to-night. But I shall sleep at Chester, and get off by the first train in the morning.'

So the rain having ceased, the dogcart was ordered round, in preference to the ponderous old brougham, and the solicitor took leave of his client, who seemed a good deal weakened by the excitement of the interview.

It was seven o'clock when Mr Goulding drove away, and quite dark, except for the occasional patches of moonlight which struggled through the heavy clouds. He was not inclined to talk to the man; but the man was anxious to talk to him—most likely with a view to glean some little information as to the business which brought him to 'The Firs.'

'The poor master's very bad, sir,' was John's opening remark.

'He is indeed, I am sorry to say,' Mr Goulding replied.

'A bad thing it would be for us, sir, if he was took.'

'It would, no doubt.'

'Yes, sir. I've been with him four years, and I wouldn't ask for a better place; not but what I thought the master a little odd-like, when I first come.'

'Odd? What do you mean?'

'Well, sir, you see he had his notions of what was proper, and how everything ought to be done, and if things wasn't exactly as he liked, he wouldn't be pleased at all.'

'And quite right too.'

'Yes, sir. And he had his ideas about servants' names too. Now, what do you think my name is, sir? My first name, I mean.'

'John, I believe.'

'No, sir; it ain't. It's Alexander—Alexander

Postlethwaite. But when I first come, I was told neither of them names would do; that a coachman ought to be called John; and John I was to be, or nothing.'

'Really!'

'Yes, sir; and the other servants is all nicknamed the same way—all except the cook. Cook wouldn't stand it, and the master had to give in, 'cause she had the name of being a first-rate hand, and he was set on having her.'

'Well, but you know you mustn't talk to people about your master's peculiarities. It isn't respectful, and might get him the reputation of being eccentric.'

Mr Goulding said this with a recollection of the old gentleman's fears lest his cousin might dispute the will.

'O no, sir,' replied John, feeling rather hurt; 'I'm not given to talking that way to any one else, and none of us would say anything that wasn't respectful of the master, sir.'

Mr Goulding remained silent, but after a brief interval the man continued his observations.

'They do say, sir, that Sir Peter won't get any of the master's money after all.'

'Do they?'

'Yes, sir, though he wants it bad enough, by all accounts. He's been here three or four times since the master was took ill, to ask after his health; but he never would see him.'

'When was he here last?'

'On Monday, sir. I believe somebody told him you was coming down, and he wanted to know particular from the butler what day we expected you.'

'Oh, indeed!'

It was folly for the country coachman to fish for information from the London lawyer, so, after a few more attempts, he relapsed into silence; and the remainder of the drive was enlivened only by the jolting of the vehicle and occasional splashes of mud. Having at length arrived in Chester, the solicitor put up at an hotel adjacent to the railway station, and was not sorry to retire to rest early, intending to travel by a train which left at about nine o'clock in the morning.

The next day was a contrast to the previous one, being remarkably clear and fine for the time of year; and Mr Goulding, having purchased a novel, took his seat in a smoking compartment, with the anticipation of a pleasant journey. He had only one fellow-passenger, a middle-aged gentleman, who was also bound for London, and who exchanged a few remarks with him on the weather and other important topics. At Crewe there was a stoppage of five minutes, and the gentleman got out, leaving Mr Goulding alone. The latter was sitting next the door on the platform side; and his luggage, which consisted only of a valise and a small black bag, such as lawyers use, was placed on the opposite seat. The bag contained the will and a couple of other papers, besides some loose cash to the value of thirty shillings, and was lying a little nearer to the door than the valise. While his companion was absent, a long goods-train passed through the station, and Mr Goulding rose and crossed to the opposite window to look out at it. Having thrust his head out, he heard some one open the door, which had been closed, but not latched, as if to enter the carriage; then a lady's voice said,

'Oh, this is "smoking!"' and the person went away. This little incident did not occupy more than a moment; but when Mr Goulding had shut the window and resumed his seat, he noticed with surprise that his bag had disappeared. Although certain that it had been there a few seconds before, he searched the compartment thoroughly, thinking that possibly it might have fallen, or that his companion might have removed it by mistake. But there was no trace of it; and the other passenger returning, declared that he had not seen it at all. Here was a dilemma. It seemed probable that the person who opened the carriage-door had taken it; but the train was about to start, and there was no time to be lost.

Mr Goulding seized his valise and hastened in pursuit of the guard, to whom he briefly related the circumstances, and who assisted him to make a hurried examination of all the first-class compartments in the train, as it was natural to assume that the person or persons who attempted to enter his compartment were travelling by the same class. There were a good many lady-passengers, but none of them were at all suspicious-looking, and the search proved fruitless. The station-master and a railway policeman were now informed of the loss; but the train had already been delayed a couple of minutes, and Mr Goulding was told that he must either take his seat or remain behind. He chose the latter alternative.

SOMETHING ABOUT BARONETS.

REGARDED from a constitutional point of view, the Stuart period of our history is by far the most important in its annals. Its one great feature is the revival of an obstinate resistance on the part of parliament to the monstrous claims put forth by the Crown. We say the 'revival,' because, although the mighty rule of the Tudors had, so to speak, sent constitutional government to sleep, yet this slumber was one to be awakened from. The awakening commenced with the first Stuart, that strange personage, who, having come to the throne by an extremely infirm title, yet believed in the force of 'divine right' not only to reign as though his title were unquestionable, but also to govern after the fashion of an absolute monarch. The nation having come to its senses, then commenced the memorable conflict which ended in the annihilation of the Stuart dynasty, the establishment of the supremacy of parliament, and the strict definition of the limits of the royal prerogative.

To James I. the very name of parliament was abhorrent, while the institution itself he treated with open contempt. He governed for seven years without one at all; and when he did summon one, he assumed to have a right to control the election of its members, to regulate their utterances, to mutilate the journals of the House of Commons, and to send certain refractory members of the House to prison! Parliament would grant the king no money; so he fell back upon monopolies, arbitrary taxation, and other devices, for the replenishment of his exchequer. One of these was the sale of honours, and in the words of Lord Nugent (*Memorials of Hampden*), 'the ancient nobility were insulted by the vulgar

sale of public honours by the king, to feed the vanity of his creatures, and to meet the demands of his own cupidity and of their corruption.' It was a peculiarity of this would-be absolute king that he was ever 'unable to rule but by first enslaving himself to some unworthy minion;' and we know that the two minions to whom during his reign he was successively enslaved were Robert Carr, whom he created Earl of Somerset, and George Villiers, who became Duke of Buckingham. The king, we have seen, was much pushed for money; and the former of the two minions just mentioned endeavoured to help his majesty out of his difficulties. Somerset devised a three-headed financial scheme, and to the first of the three heads of his scheme we owe that titular institution known as the *Baronetage*. The sale of already existing titles had been carried on to such an extent that even the king himself appears to have felt ashamed at such an undignified mode of 'raising the wind.' It is authentically related that a certain country gentleman whose assurance was not equal to his ambition or vanity, was ushered into the king's presence to receive the purchased honour of knighthood. The aspirant looked sheepish and hung down his head. 'Hold up thy head, man,' exclaimed His Majesty; 'I have more reason to be ashamed than thou!'

Somerset's plan was an improvement on this one, inasmuch as the honour to be disposed of was brand new. What, however, should it be called? No doubt, this momentous question greatly exercised the minds of the managers of the scheme, until somebody—and his thought must be admitted to have been a happy one—suggested what looks like the diminutive form of 'baron,' and thus arose the title of *Baronet*. This word, however, as a matter of fact, was not coined for the occasion, for Selden (*Titles of Honour*) treats the term as old even in his time, and investigates its origin with some gravity. He associates it with the knights-bannerets—that is, those who in the days of chivalry were knighted by the king on the field of battle, and who received a banner 'charged' with their arms on the occasion. On going into battle, a person of distinction would have carried on his spear-head a pennon. On the part near the weapon would be his coat of arms. The pointed portion of the pennon was cut off, leaving the square containing the arms; and when this—now a standard—was handed back to the owner, he became at once a knight-banneret. The learned writer then says that 'the name of banneret sometimes expressed a baron of parliament;' also that the word banneret was often miswritten baronet; and he gives an instance in the reign of Edward VI. of a knight-banneret being styled in his patent of creation *Baronet* instead of *Banneret*. On the authority of Spelman, however, we may assume that *baronet* and *banneret* are not terms which have always been ignorantly or indiscriminately used. In fact, in feudal times, the word *baronet* appears to have applied to the lesser barons. But be this as it may, the word was known long before the time of James I.; still, the application of it to the new order of quasi-nobility, or rather, perhaps, hereditary knighthood, was well conceived, and it undoubtedly has a more imposing sound than banneret.

Now, it must not be supposed that this new honour was disposed of to any person who could pay for it. Commissioners were appointed who were to conduct the business of granting the patents conferring the title, and the instructions given to them were very precise as to who should be created baronets. The recipients of the honour were to be 'a certain number of knights and esquires,' who were also to be 'men for quality, state of living, and good reputation worthy of the same.' The Commissioners were directed to have these facts established by proofs, also to take care that candidates for the new dignity were 'at the least descended of a grandfather by the father's side that bore arms.' Finally, it was a necessary qualification for the honour that the aspirant should 'have also of certain yearly revenue of lands in inheritance or possession one thousand per annum clear.' Evidently, then, the earliest baronets were not the nobodies many persons suppose them to have been, from the circumstance of the title having been first acquired by money. 'Nor, indeed, after all, was there so much difference between the purchase of a baronetcy and the liability to furnish a knight for every knight's fee, under the ancient tenures.' In other words, this 'ingenious contrivance' for raising money did not, under the circumstances, either pollute the 'fountain of honour' or 'disgrace the chivalry of knight-hood.'

But how was the disposal of the dignity effected? Certainly not after the fashion of that 'vulgar sale of public honours,' so severely reprehended by Lord Nugent. There was at anyrate something like a valid reason given for the creation and sale of the new title; and unless we are to stigmatise off-hand the whole business as a piece of plausible humbug, we must confess it to have been transacted with perfect propriety.

The first patent was granted on May 22, 1612, and several existing baronetcies were created on that day. Each patent was in Latin, and although occasionally effusive and stilted, it is nevertheless on the whole a well-drawn instrument. Its preamble sets forth the fact of the king requiring money for the affairs of Ireland, and especially for the settlement, or as it is called, the Plantation of Ulster; after which it states the grant of the title to A. B. and the heirs-male of his body lawfully begotten. The rank of A. B. among other persons is mentioned; and his wife is declared to be entitled to the style of 'Lady, Madame, and Dame.' (Her title is strictly Baronetess.) The king undertakes by the exercise of his 'unusually abundant and special favour, from his certain knowledge and mere motion,' for himself, his heirs, and successors, that the number of baronets shall never exceed two hundred; and that no other hereditary dignity shall ever be created calculated to disturb the prestige or the equanimity of the new-honour men or their descendants. These are the material features of this patent, for which the *quid pro quo* was to be the maintenance of 'thirty foot-soldiers in Ireland for three years, after the rate of eightpence sterling money of England by the day, and the wages of one whole year to be paid into our receipt upon passing of the patent.' In all, including everything, about twelve hundred pounds.

Candidates for baronetcies were to apply personally at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, on

Wednesday and Friday afternoons; and the Commissioners were strictly ordered to observe impartiality as regards their selection of grantees of their patents. Especially are they enjoined to do 'these two things—the one that every such person as shall be admitted do enter into sufficient bond or recognisance, to our use, for the payment' of his fee, 'which you are to see paid.' Secondly, the Commissioners were to keep the money thus raised for the Ulster Plantation apart from all other public treasure, the king evidently having regarded it as the outcome of a feeling of loyalty to himself, and the result of a worthy desire to promote the progress of a 'public and memorable work.'

The patents of the new baronets were not quite explicit on the question of precedence. Accordingly, the king, in 1612, published a decree of portentous length for the settlement of—especially to ladies—this solemn and important matter. The preamble of the instrument referred to forcibly reminds us of one of those oriental decrees mentioned in Holy Writ, and though long, it is extremely succinct. The result of this edict is that, while younger sons of viscounts and barons are to take precedence over baronets as such, yet that a banneret, if created in the field, is to rank before any of them during his own life. On the other hand, all ordinary bannerets are to rank after all baronets as such. We say 'as such,' because, if a baronet be a privy-councillor, he will, by virtue of the latter honour, take precedence before all persons after knights of the garter not ennobled. The holders of great offices under the Crown are always regarded with much honour in this country. Accordingly, a baronet, as such, will come after all and each of Her Majesty's judges, whatever may be their titular designation. The wife of a baronet will rank analogously amongst ladies as her husband does amongst men; so that the wives of younger sons of viscounts and barons will precede baronettes. And while daughters of the younger sons of peers will go before wives of the eldest sons of baronets, yet the latter will go before any baronet's daughters.

It is noticeable that the honour of baronetcy was originally confined to Englishmen; and it so remained until 1619, when baronets of Ireland were created. On March 27, 1625, James I. died, leaving the country burdened with a gigantic debt. The same year, Charles I. created the first Scottish baronetcy, and this term requires a slight explanation. It must be remembered that the peninsula of Nova Scotia, discovered by Cabot in 1497, was in possession of the English in 1622. To provide funds for the settlement of that province, Charles I., carrying out the intention of his father, adopted the expedient which had been devised to effect the pacification of Ulster, and hence came into existence the baronets of Nova Scotia, who after the Act of Union became merged in the Scotch baronetage. To these baronets of Nova Scotia more than a patent was granted; each received a charter conferring upon him certain substantial benefits in that province. But then the consideration for the latter baronetcies was considerably more extensive than that given by those of the English creation.

Just as the peerage consists of honours of English, Scotch, Irish, and United Kingdom origin, so the degrees of the baronetage may be

classified in a like manner. In the peerage, it will be remembered, the various gradations are fixed by the Act of Parliament confirming the Union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1801. By this Act, all peers rank as of England, Scotland, Great Britain, Ireland, and of the United Kingdom, and this is their order of precedence. There is, however, no such statutory rule for the baronetage, nor is there any rule of an analogous character applicable thereto. Accordingly, baronets of England, Ireland, Scotland, Great Britain, and the United Kingdom take rank *inter se* according to the dates of their respective patents. And where two or more patents are found to have been granted on the same day, the holders of them rank according to the order in which the patents were respectively made out.

The first patent granted was to Sir Nicholas Bacon, son of the Lord Keeper of that name, and is dated May 22, 1611. Other patents bear the same date; but that of Sir Nicholas being the first one made out, his descendant, the present Sir Hickman Beckett Bacon, is the premier baronet of England. Of the Irish and the Nova Scotian or Scotch baronetage, Sir C. H. Coote and Sir R. Gordon are the premier baronets respectively; while of the baronetage of Great Britain and that of the United Kingdom, Sir E. A. Dashwood and Sir H. M. Vavasour are severally the premier baronets.

To the decree of James I. made in 1612, which, as already stated, determined the precedence, &c. of baronets, there was subsequently added an order that all baronets and their eldest sons should be knighted, and that they and their descendants should bear on their coat of arms, or in an inescutcheon at their election, the arms of Ulster. This badge—translating its description from heraldic into ordinary language—is a bloody left hand on a white shield. The thumb being turned to the right of the shield, that is, to the left of a person looking at it, the hand is accordingly an open one. Then, again, by the order just quoted, it was declared that all baronets should have place in the armies of the sovereign 'in the gross near about the [royal] standard;' and this appears to be the most substantial of the privileges—beyond the hereditary dignity itself—of a baronetcy.

The patent of baronetcy always describes the patentee as, say, A. W. of X.; and although it is of course competent to the sovereign to make a grant to A. W. of X. and his male heirs whatsoever, it is usual to limit the grant to A. W. of X. and the heirs-male of his body lawfully begotten—that is, to entail the honour on male lineal descendants. And inasmuch as it is in the power of the Crown to grant the honour to A. W. of X. and his heirs-general, there is no reason why a woman may not be a baronetess as well as a baroness, viscountess, countess, &c., in her own right. But, as Sir Bernard Burke tells us, there is only one instance of this honour having been conferred on a female—namely, 'Dame Mary Bolles of Osberton, Notts, who in 1625 was elevated to the baronetcy of Scotland, with remainder to her heirs whatsoever.'

The original baronets of Scotland or, rather, of Nova Scotia were allowed to place on their shields the arms of that province. Now, however, since the union of Great Britain and

Ireland, all baronets bear on their coats of arms the original 'honourable augmentation,' the bloody hand of Ulster, which may be displayed in various ways according to circumstances.

We have seen that a baronet is formally described as of some place. Suppose that, say, two brothers are created baronets, Sir A. W. of X., and Sir B. W. of Z., if the issue of one of them fails, it may happen that the two baronetcies will ultimately merge in one representative. An instance of this is seen in the premier baronetcy of England, the present baronet uniting the baronetcy of Redgrave and that of Mildenhall in his own person.

If the daughter of a commoner marries a baronet, she becomes Lady So-and-so. If the daughter of a baron or a viscount marries a baronet, she becomes the Honourable Lady So-and-so; but the daughter of an earl, marquis, or duke doing so would retain her own courtesy title of Lady, and would be styled Lady Emily So-and-so, precisely as if her husband were an ordinary commoner. The widow of a baronet whose eldest son is married, though Dame So-and-so in law, is nevertheless generally styled the Dowager Lady; and although a dowager, her daughter-in-law would, in strictness, take precedence of her, as the wife of the person actually holding the title.

The nominal expense of a baronet's patent is one hundred pounds; but probably before the recipient of the dignity is entirely free of all claims, he will have made a considerable hole in three hundred pounds, or even more.

THE AUSTRALIAN 'SWAGMAN.'

COMPLETELY unique in their way, and dissimilar from any other class whatsoever in any part of the world, is that nomadic portion of the Australian population known as 'swagmen.' Little has been written about these men outside the colonies, chiefly, I think, because visitors who may happen to come across a specimen have put them down merely as vagrants, a kind of wandering beggars, or, like a clever English writer, who evidently knew nothing about them, as 'tramps.'

The wandering colonist seeking employment here, there, and everywhere throughout the land, finds it useless to take advantage of the many new lines of railway now pushing their iron feelers deep into the mighty interior of the continent. His business lies not with towns so much as at homesteads, situated as often as not many miles away from any railway station, thus involving the necessity of his making a kind of human snail of himself in his search for work, carrying on his back his house in the shape of a tent, and very often all his worldly goods into the bargain, rolled up in his 'swag.'

At these homesteads, then, if the weather be at all bad, the station huts are often crowded with swagmen, preferring the shelter of a shingled roof to that of one composed of calico alone. In fine weather, however, your true nomad likes nothing better than to camp out under the

sheltering arms of some huge box or gum tree; or, better still, in the deep recesses of a belar scrub, where the wind does not penetrate, and the long needle-like leaves form a soft and pleasant adjunct to his couch.

Perhaps the reader would like a pen-and-ink portrait of the subject of our sketch. Here is one, as I saw him 'on the wallaby'—as swagging it through the land is called—a short time ago. Picture to yourself a muscular, low-set man walking along at a moderate pace. In one hand he holds a tin 'billy,' black with constant boiling of tea; in the other, a water-bag full of the precious fluid; whilst across the back of his shoulders, soldiers'-knapsack-fashion, is strapped a neat but apparently heavy bundle of round, oblong shape, showing only a white calico covering outside. This is the tent; and inside, rolled up in a pair of blankets, red or blue, are—what he will most likely tell you with a grim smile—his 'forty years' gatherings'; consisting of, perhaps, a couple of shirts, ditto trousers, comb, soap, and towel, a small bag containing flour, and two yet smaller for tea and sugar. A broad-leaved straw hat, shading a face tanned and weather-beaten, cotton shirt open at the throat and breast, and round the neck a loosely knotted handkerchief. His trousers are tied pretty tightly between knee and ankle with a broad piece of calico, which, he says, not only lessens the chafe of his heavy moleskins, but stays the upward researches of innumerable creeping things which abide in the bush of Australia.

Swagmen generally travel in pairs, and the two men, brought in contact perhaps by mere chance, often walk and work together for many years. If, by reason of some unforeseen accident, a separation of a few months, or a year or so, should occur, the 'bush-telegraph'—of which more anon—is set to work, and the whereabouts of the missing mate soon ascertained. Some, however, prefer to travel, and even to work, when they get it, quite alone, and these are known to the rest as 'hatters,' for what reason I have been unable to ascertain.

But to return to our typical friend. He had travelled, with but a day's camp now and again, from three hundred miles north-west of Brisbane, to where he then stood, well towards the southern boundary of New South Wales, making altogether over one thousand miles of a steady walk, carrying a burden of perhaps thirty or forty pounds-weight upon his broad shoulders.

When asked if in all those weeks of travelling he could procure no work, 'O yes,' was the answer; 'lots of it. But you see I'd heard as the money was better down this way, so I thought I'd just have a look over an' see what it was like for myself. Chaps as I knowed sent me word as there was lots of fencing goin' on 'bout these parts, an' a fair price given; an' now'—relieving himself of his burden—'could you lay a feller on 'bout here? I ain't altogether a *time-burner* yet [that is, a person without money], but the notes is getting scattered. That's so!'

It so happened that I could, and did, 'lay him on' to some work at fencing, which when finished, and the greater portion of his cheque 'knocked down,' he will, just as likely as not, start on another walking tour half across Australia. Thoroughly reliable, honest, and good workmen

are the most of these swagmen, at least whilst in employment. The mischief is that they are never, nor ever care to be, at home; consequently, their work finished and paid for, they make for the only enjoyment they know of that the bush has to offer; that is, what they call 'a good bust,' or in other words, a drunken spree. No matter how good the employment they may have dropped into, no matter that they are making 'good money,' as they call payable piece or contract work, they will not stay for very long; and where they would willingly have been kept for a dozen years, as many months finds them rolling up their 'drums' for another trip 'on the wallaby.' Of course, the 'busting' process does not hold good with all of these people; there are creditable exceptions, who bank their money, working hard throughout their lives, without the relaxation of the annual spree. These men generally die suddenly, and the Crown profits accordingly. Others hide their cheques in hollow trees, first carefully wrapping them up and placing them in pickle bottles; and years perhaps afterwards, revisit the spot, only to find the face of the country completely changed. I have known several such cases. So much for the sober single swagman. Married ones are rare, and scarcely come under the heading of this paper, for they generally leave the 'missis an' the kids' in some kind of a home, whenever they do by chance take a trip on the road. As for the man who goes in for the 'bust,' when it is over, he at once starts on a walk of several hundred miles as a recuperative and prelude to another twelvemonth's work.

Sturdy, independent kind of customers are these nomads of the bush. Money or no money, are they not free as air, bar the weight of their swags? Suppose your price for work does not suit one of them, well, he can afford to travel on till he gets a better figure, if such is to be procured, for well he knows that at station or shepherd's hut, bushman's camp or travelling sheep-dray, the word 'traveller' is an open sesame to food and lodging, rough but plentiful. Still, if the swagman has money, he will always, as a rule, prefer to buy his rations at the station store, than have them doled out to him by the storekeeper as a 'traveller's ration,' and entered on the books accordingly.

There is no class or condition of people without its discreditable, hopelessly incurable residuum, and the swagmen of the colonies are no exception. 'Sundowners,' 'Whalers,' and 'Benders'—so the loafers of the community are known. These men fish or lie concealed in shady bends of creeks and rivers the whole day long, in sight of some great station; and then, when the evening bell rings for supper at sundown, they crawl wearily up and seat themselves at the long tables, speak sadly of the state of the roads, scarcity of labour, &c., and depart in the morning—after breakfast—to repeat the same game at the next station. The nuisance caused by these 'Sundowners,' 'Benders,' &c., as they are differently termed in different districts, at length became very great, not to speak of the enormous expense incurred, when, as at many of Sir Samuel Wilson's Riverina and Victorian stations, it was nothing unusual to see three or four hundred of these men roll-up at sundown, out of whom perhaps not ten would

have taken work had it been offered to them. This abuse of open-handed hospitality led to the regulations now in force in those districts, namely, that every 'traveller' receive his one pint-potful of flour, with, in some cases, enough tea and sugar to make a quart-potful.

The 'bush-telegraph' is the term by which news is conveyed by human agency over hundreds of miles of country; and it really is wonderful how news is disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the unsettled districts by means of these wanderers, passed from one to the other at casual meetings on dusty main-roads, in shady camps by gum-tree-bordered river, or lagoon, or out back on scarcely discernible bridle-tracks; especially the kind of news that is of interest to the fraternity. Does, for instance, old Sam Johnson of Bundelgobie want a lot of hands for ring-barking, fencing, or what not—then, in an incredibly short space of time, all unemployed workers within a radius of two or three hundred miles are steadily marching towards Bundelgobie, in hopes, as they would express it, of getting 'put on and knocking out a bit of a cheque.' Has Bill Thompson, who lives out on the Barcoo, happened to lose the run of his mate, whom he last heard of eight hundred miles away on the back blocks of the Lachlan—then straightway the cry for 'Bill Thompson's mate' is passed along from one to the other down the length of the land; and the missing man must have got into a very obscure corner indeed if, sooner or later, the message does not reach him. Your true swagman detests the sight of a horse, together with all the trouble and bother attached to the possession thereof. Give him 'shank's pony;' then, when he is tired, he throws off his swag, pitches his tent, and he is in camp at once. No looking for grass and water, or walking as far for his horse in the morning as he travels the whole of the day afterwards on his back. So says the swagman; and to a certain extent he is, especially in seasons like those of the few past years, on the right side of the argument; for of late many a man travelling on horseback has, after spending three times the worth of his horses in feeding them, seen them die, leaving him to throw his saddles away and swag it with the footmen.

The new-comer 'on the wallaby'—in most cases a recent arrival from 'the old country,' or else some runaway sailor—may easily be told by his uneasy, and often limping gait, but perhaps more than all by his woe-begone and dejected appearance at first start of his novel experience, so different from the self-reliant aspect and measured, swinging tread of the long broken-in and inured bushman. It must be indeed a rough trial for the newly landed colonist who has elected to seek his fortune—having none of his own—in the bush. A few days after his landing, a 'free pass' from the government carries him by train as far as the railway runs, and in any direction he may choose or be advised to take; and after a weary journey, he is perhaps set down at a small bush township, to his eyes a miserable collection of wooden huts, hemmed in, perhaps, on every side by thick scrub, or maybe stuck out in the centre of an apparently boundless plain. He alights on the bare platform, likely

enough the only passenger, feeling truly 'a stranger in a strange land;' his luggage—consisting generally of an old carpet-bag, and perhaps a small box—is put out, and he is told that for the present the line runs no further.

Bush 'larrikins,' sharp-featured, freckle-faced, and precocious, with a precocity far beyond the most fertile imagination of English parents, gather around to stare at the poor 'chummy,' with his fat red cheeks—about which already the ever-hungry mosquitoes are buzzing—great heavy boots, and clothes of, to their eyes, most outlandish cut. They criticise his every feature and all his belongings in a select vernacular, of which, however, he does not clearly comprehend one solitary word. Presently, some one takes the new arrival in hand, ascertains his prospects, shows him how to select from his kit the most useful articles, how to roll them up in his blankets so as to form a swag, which shall rest on his shoulders by day, and help to form his couch by night, whilst engaged in the search for labour. And if, as sometimes happens, the stranger is almost penniless and entirely luggageless, he is—more especially if broad of accent, with tongue idiomatic, and smacking freshly of breezy Yorkshire wolds, rose-embowered Devon lanes, or fair midland county—amply provided and equipped for 'the road,' with not empty pockets, by the fathers of his urchin-tormentors, to whose very inmost heart of hearts comes the old story of their youth in the ever-loved land; here, amidst the loveless gum-trees, shadeless forests of gnarled box, or scorched-up plains of their adopted country, brought back to them vividly, almost in a flash, as it were, by the sight of perhaps a red-cheeked ploughboy, lamenting, in the Doric of their childhood, the evil hap which had brought him across the ocean to scenes so dreary, and to a journey's end so unpromising.

The runaway sailor, on the other hand, who takes to the bush either from mere curiosity, a bad ship, or the ever restless desire for change inherent to the race, assimilates himself far more readily to his surroundings, stranger though they should be to him than to the landsman; and in the course of a few days you may meet 'Jack,' with the marks of the last 'tarring-down' still fresh upon his hands, sinking post-holes for a fence, ring-barking timber, splitting slabs, or even steering a team of bullocks or horses, with as much sang-froid as if guiding the course of the vessel so lately left behind him.

Universally distinctive as a type of Australian life throughout these colonies is the swagman. You meet him everywhere. He is occasionally to be seen cautiously wending his way through the crowded streets of Melbourne or Sydney. On the decks of coasting steamers, and in second-class compartments of railway carriages, bound, perhaps, to far-off gold 'rushes,' but always in close proximity to that same oblong, neatly strapped-up bundle which you saw on his back years ago, when you met him amidst the semi-tropical scenery of the Thompson or the Palmer, the rugged defiles of the Mount Lofty ranges, the scorching plains of Galathra, or the sandy deserts of the western seaboard.

If one engages the average swagman in conversation as to his political, social, or religious views of life, you will most likely find within

him an intense and almost touching belief in some frothy windbag of a politician, who in and out of season loudly champions the cause of 'the workin' man,' to serve his own miserable ends, an endless supply of this class of orator being always on hand in these colonies, and in whom, despite the poor failures of bygone years, the nomadic tribes of the bush still figure to themselves an apostle of glorious equality, who will at some future day enable them to throw their 'drums' from off their shoulders, with loud-sounding thuds, joyfully, as for the last time, and to claim, each of them, a share in those many millions of broad acres, cattle, and sheep now owned by the all-devouring squatter.

Yes, a socialist, an ungrateful socialist to the backbone of him, is our nomad, whose dearest wish is to see the man who gives him his 'note' a week and his 'ten, fifteen, two, and a quarter' respectively of flour, meat, sugar, and tea, as a weekly ration, compelled to cut up his huge estates, and to share them alike and equitably between himself and his nomadic brethren.

He is great upon immigration, and eagerly watches the votes on supplies granted by 'the House' for this purpose, checking off upon his fingers the names of the various members who vote for or against the introduction of more 'new-chum cheap labour.' The country, he will tell you, especially if times are a bit 'slack,' is too full already; and if they intend to fill it up with 'new chums,' why, then, the only thing himself and his mates can do will be to, in their turn, emigrate to the 'old country,' and see how they fancy *their* style 'at home.'

His hatred of Chinese almost amounts to a monomania. Germans share it, but in a lesser degree. Clergymen of all denominations he talks of *en masse* as 'parsons,' and perhaps does not seek to arrive at any very fine distinctions on the subject. Still, with all his apparent irreverence, he, after his own fashion, respects the Sabbath Day whilst 'on the wallaby,' in so far that, if possible, he will camp in some secluded nook, wash and mend his clothes, and con over some old book or newspaper. 'If I'm on the lookout for men,' said a squatter to me once, 'I always take those with the cleanest rig-out, and I'm not often mistaken in getting good ones. The dirtier the man, generally, though not always, the worse the workman.'

Far out, where stations are few and far apart, and faint tracks, or blazed lines, alone point out the route over plain or through forest, swagmen are often 'bushed,' to be found sometimes in course of years as bleached skeletons; sometimes never, for eagle-hawks and dingoes carry away the bones, and every trace or sign of the obscure, unsought-for, because unmissed traveller, has vanished. But still he ever pushes on, in the wake of the foremost pioneers, confident that at the Ultima Thule of civilisation, wherever for the time that may be, his services will be needed, and that he will, in exchange for them, be given the highest wage.

Enough, I think, has been said about the swagman, his habits, and idiosyncrasies, to show that, incorrigible wanderer as he is, and inclined for a 'bust' as he undoubtedly is now and again, the first attribute only adds to his value as a not unimportant factor in the Australian labour-

market; and future writers will give him credit for the part he is playing, poor and insignificant though it may seem at present, in supplying muscle and sinew towards the settlement and civilisation of the Island-continent.

A SISTER OF MERCY.

SEEK her in her modest beauty,
Clad in simple robe of gray;
From the sacred path of duty,
Smiling all the clouds away.
Watch the children run to meet her
With their little joys and woes;
Rich and poor with blessings greet her;
Love is born where'er she goes.

Tenderest grief her glance expresses,
Where the wronged and suffering weep;
And beneath her kind caresses,
Woe and pain are lulled to sleep.
All who drink the cup of sorrow,
Love to feel her hovering near,
For the saddest hearts must borrow
Comfort from her words of cheer.

Bluer seem the skies above her;
Round her breathes such heavenly grace,
That we cannot choose but love her.
On her bright expressive face
Plays a smile all meek and tender,
Borrowed from a world divine;
And her eyes' angelic splendour
Must the coarsest souls refine.

When above the faint and dying,
Full of pity bending low,
They upon her care relying,
Feel a balm for every woe.
Where disease is rife, she lingers,
Frail of form, yet strong and brave;
Clasping close the stiffening fingers,
Kindling hopes beyond the grave.

All her holiest words are spoken
To the ear of guilt and shame,
So that spirits spent and broken
Must in reverence hold her name.
Sinners hear her gentle warning,
And with loving words are led
Through Redemption's radiant morning
To that path where angels tread.

Flowers of Hope, this gracious maiden
Showers upon the 'vale of tears';
With heaven's choicest blessings laden,
To the sorrowing she appears.
Praise her, bless her, all creation;
For her unassuming worth
Crowns her queen of every nation,
Crowns her queen of all the earth.

FANNY FORRESTER.

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